

# Fiona Murphy's Last Fling

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*He laughed at her and pushed his finger right up her bung hole covered with stinging salt water.*

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## FIONA MURPHY'S LAST FLING

It had been a cold day indeed and the mist was not so gentle behind the church in the somber grey graveyard on consecrated ground. There were noticeably few mourners for Timothy Xavier Murphy, Fiona's spouse of some 45 years. All of his mates were either already passed to their reward or were too busy boozing it up to be standing in the rain behind the church on a Friday afternoon.

Fiona was a tiny slip of a woman. She had always kept a trim figure, much good it had done her with the curse of a disinterested husband and a moral code that prohibited her from looking elsewhere.

Several years prior, she had gotten a gift from her maiden auntie Rose on her 60 th birthday of a wickedly decadent dildo of immense proportions. Both she and her sister Iris had laughed and giggled for hours but when she was alone in the bed late that night, she looked at it with longing and not amusement.

After about three long months of indecision, Fiona started to use the erotic toy in the confines of her locked bathroom and sometimes when her husband was still late at the pub, she would insert it with muffled groans and lots of Catholic guilt.

She named her special toy, "Patrick Joseph Longfellow" and she even gave him a history of many amorous adventures with a number of her female acquaintances. She got in the habit of asking the imaginary "Patrick" if he had been giving it to her sister Iris or to her best friend Elizabeth. She even made up scenarios where he had to satisfy her to make up for his indiscretions with slutty female bed

companions. Fiona got real scared one night when she didn't hear her tipsy husband Timothy come home unexpectedly and asked her,

"Who are you talking to, love, are you on the phone?"

Poor Fiona had Patrick shoved 8 inches deep inside her leaking pussy under the blanket and she was just on the verge of a fantastic orgasm. It took all of her will power to remove Patrick silently and hide it under her pillow. She hoped her disoriented husband did not catch the scent of female sex hanging pungently about the bedroom. She was very careful after that incident to put a bell on the inside of the front door so she would not be caught unawares.

Thankful that the services were short and sweet, Fiona went straight home and locked the door, took the phone off of the receiver and headed up to the bedroom for some quality time with Patrick. She became a complete slut for the bad boy Patrick for the next few days and spent most of her time in bed or reading dirty stories from her husband's old collection. The descriptions of the things men and women did to each other behind closed doors convinced her that she had missed out on all the fun for an entire lifetime.

Her sister Iris invited her to accompany her and her husband Reggie to the shore for a nice vacation and she gladly accepted since she had not had a proper vacation in many years. She was not overly fond of Reggie because he had behaved badly about 10 years ago with a schoolgirl daughter of a close friend of hers. Fiona was never quite certain that Iris knew all the details of his "late life crisis" but thank God the girl had not gotten pregnant. He also never ceased to annoy her with his heated stares at her bum whenever she bent over to serve the tea or when they went bowling together as a foursome. She really disliked when he rubbed his nasty "thing" on her leg or arm when they were passing in the hallway or even waiting for a table in the pub with her clueless husband standing right next to her. His look of disinterested innocence made her want to wipe the smug smile off his face with her fist. She just didn't understand how her religious-minded sister could put up with his tomfoolery all these years.

One thing that she made sure to pack was her best friend Patrick in a well wrapped place of honor in the middle of her toilet articles. She kept an eye on that bag the entire trip down because she knew she would be lost without it.

At age 65, Fiona was still a desirable woman but she considered herself as no longer a viable candidate for male sexual interest. She looked at her sagging boobs and her slightly drooping ass victimized by gravity and figured she was unattractive to males of the species. What she did not realize was that her hair was still cascading in reddish tresses far below her shoulders, and her pert upturned nose and her high cheekbones gave her a sultry look that much younger women sought but never achieved.

Quite often at shopping markets and on the bus, younger men showed inordinate interest in the way her heart-shaped ass moved sensuously inside her matronly dresses. She was also completely unaware that little Jimmy Shea who was born when she was in her mid-forties peeked nightly from his

vantage point in the attic window down into her bedroom and watched her gyrating frantically with her constant companion Patrick between her legs. He had many a satisfying releases of creamy cum picturing her pussy on the end of his rock-hard cock. Of course, he was far too gentlemanly to suggest she drop her knickers for him despite the growing need he felt inside his gut for her trim little body.

Her sister Iris was a bit curvy and filled her bathing suit with some excess popping out the edges when she bent or walked on the sand. She was constantly tugging on the hems to put her cheeks back inside the too-small swim costume. Fiona, on the other hand, was a petite woman with small breasts and a bottom that drooped slightly but was still quite compact and young in appearance. Her tummy was flat and when she smiled with her dark sunglasses on, she was still quite attractive.

The morning after they all tumbled out of the van and staked out a room in the lovely seashore cottage, Fiona lay face down on a blanket in the sandy dunes soaking up the rays of the sun in a cloudless sky with plenty of safety screen to keep her from burning. Her mind was totally relaxed and she found that she was dwelling on replacing Patrick Longfellow with a newer model she had seen advertised in one of her recently departed husband's nudie books.

Suddenly, a running figure stumbled over the corner of her blanket and fell almost on top of her partially exposed bum due to the brevity of her Brazil-style bikini.

"Beg your pardon, Miss, I mean, Mrs. I was not looking where I was going. I hope I didn't get too much sand on you."

The not-so-young man in his early 50s reached out to brush off the sand from Fiona's oily skin and only managed to rub it in painfully on her legs and buttocks. She gasped and he pulled back realizing his mistake.

"I guess I am making matters worse. I assure you I normally do not act so recklessly. I am not much of a running type person. The truth is, I really hate exercising but my wife insists I keep my belly trim so she can show me off to all her friends."

Fiona laughed because of the unexpected honesty from a member of the opposite sex.

"Your belly looks pretty fit to me. It looks a lot better than most of those lazy beer hounds down at our corner pub."

"My name is Harry and I am renting a house right there at the end of the beach. Is this your place here?"

"Yes, I am Fiona and I am staying with my sister and brother-in-law for the next two weeks. Do you run here every morning?"

"I try to but then I just get tired of it and head to the water for a nice cool-down. Do you fancy a quick

dip with me?”

Fiona was sorely tempted but she was never at ease in the water and seldom ventured out too far in the waves.

“I must admit I am a bit afraid in the surf, Harry, but if we don’t go out too far, I don’t mind at all.”

Harry took her by the hand and led her to the water’s edge. She shivered a little but it was more from the firm grasp of his muscular arm than the cool breeze playing over the waves. They waded out a bit and she was almost up to her breasts and had to stop because of her concern. Harry told her not to worry, he was only up to his belly button and he lifted her arms around his neck and lifted her up with ease until her legs wrapped securely around his waist.

Fiona’s pussy was leaking big time now because it was rubbing non-stop on the firm flesh of the muscular man. She felt her small nipples crushed against his hairy chest and tucked her face into his shoulder.

The waves were lapping around her ass cheeks now and her pussy slit was bobbing up and down with the ebb and flow of the tide. Fiona could feel Harry’s heart beat quicken and she tightened her grip around his waist with her smoothly shaved legs.

Harry looked down to her half hidden face and her wet hair plastered to her neck and shoulders. He shifted her body slightly and she felt him push her bikini string to the side of her pussy and slide his long hard cock right up deep inside her vagina. Now they were really joined together and she bounced and slapped her pussy and ass cheeks against his long lean body just under the surface of the water. To a casual observer, it looked like they were just wading in the surf and playing in the waves. The combination of the water and the friction of Harry’s cock induced the normally reserved Fiona to lose all inhibitions and she loosed a stream of pee right down onto Harry’s legs and his frantically plunging cock. He laughed at her abandon and pushed his finger right up her bung hole allowing some stinging salt water to enter as well. She clutched her cheeks together and let her pussy lips flutter uncontrollably around his sturdy cock.

It seemed like an eternity, but it was actually quite fast before He was forced to shoot his load inside her tunnel of love.

Harry walked her back still holding her ass cheeks firmly in his hands until she was at a proper height to stand and not worry about the water getting into her mouth or nose.

They ran together to the blanket and towel. She used it first and then he followed inhaling her scent before he ran it over his skin. An attractive blonde woman shouted from the end of the beach and Harry shrugged his shoulders and said,

“Duty calls, my better half needs me to play butler for her “beach bunnies” club. Believe me, they are far from being anywhere near being beach bunnies. Bunch of gossips but we all have our crosses to

bear. Hope to see you tomorrow, Fiona. Bye now.”

Fiona saw Iris and Reggie on the deck and she trudged up to the cottage.

“Who was that man, Fiona?”

“Oh, just our neighbor from down the row. His name is Harry and his wife is quite the social butterfly.”

As they were heading into the cottage for a bit of lunch, Reggie let his hand rest on Fiona’s cum filled bikini bottom and whispered far too low for Iris to hear,

“Getting a bit under the water, you are quite the secret little slapper, Fiona, love!”

Fiona removed his hand before Iris could see but didn’t make any response because her guilt made her ashamed of her behavior on the beach. She had to accept her distasteful brother-in-law with the huge cock was far too close for comfort in his accusation.

She just hoped he wouldn’t tell Iris about how naughty she had been.